

THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

VOL. VII.]

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THE LILY.

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Editor and Proprietor.

Mrs. AMELIA BLOOMER,
Corresponding Editor.

DEDICATED For the Lily.

To the memory of Mrs. L. A. FRAME and Mrs.
L. S. WHITINGER, who died of typhoid fever, and
were buried in one grave, at North Manchester.

BY MRS. L. LINTON.

Beautiful spirits, called in life's morning
To yield up this for a permanent home,
Side by side still are ye blooming,
Departed flowrets in heaven's bright dome,
No murmur was heard from lips now glowing
With celestial fires of heavenly spheres,
But calmly and sweetly as life's ebb was flowing,
Did the Angel of Hope quiet all fears.

Together they lived in that sisterly love
That redeemeth the world from sorrow and care,
Together their harps in heaven above,
Are tuned to sing praises unknown here below.
Beautiful spirits! lend us your wisdom,
To guide and direct us in life's gloomy way,
Cheer us and brighten the sweet hope within us,
That we too may mingle in heaven's array

Of purified saints, made so by the love
That seeketh the good of all human kind,
Regardless of fiendish enactments of men
To fetter and crush the ignorant mind.
Tell us, dear sisters, if all are not bright
Angels of peace in one glorious band,
Singing sweet anthems of praise for the right
Of each human being in that happy land.

Tell us if slavery's chain there is galling
Spirit and limb of the desolate one!
Tell us if destitute children are calling
In vain for the blessings of mother and home.
And oh! tell us if there we suffer as here,
From the malice and envy of circles below,
That wrongs the sad soul with anguish and fear,
And a keenness of feeling which no one can know,

Save the poor victim whose sorrowing heart
Longs for a rest far, far away—
Where spirits can mingle in heavenly freedom,
And bask in the bliss of eternal day.
Come brighten our hopes by your chastening
smile,
And tell us all the ties are not river,
That united our souls, still on earth there remains
A bond which shall bloom in the portals of
Heaven.

North Manchester, June 6, 1855.

SCIENCE AND LONG SKIRTS.

BY EDITH DENNET.

How in the name of commonsense is a woman
with long, full, skirts, ever to become a practical
Ornithologist, Geologist, or Botanist with any
comfort, or without a great deal of inconvenience,
attended by a vast amount of unnecessary labor
and fatigue?

I think I hear some nice masculine man say,
"O, leave those pursuits to the men, they rob a
woman of her femininity."

Stop, sir, just step up to my little homely room
a few moments. Try if you cannot lower and
soften that great bass voice of yours. There, you
have frightened Dick and Fan already, away they
fly through the open window—yonder they alight
on the grape-vine trellis. See how coquetishly
Fan turns up her beautiful, glossy head and eyes
towards you. I verily believe she is fully aware
there is nothing feminine in that quarter. Dick
looks first at you then at his Lady-love, and gives
two or three satisfactory chirps, which being in-
terpreted means, "not at all jealous, nothing to
fear from that monstrosity."

Take a chair, sir, three legs and no back, the
best I have; but then you don't want to lean, we
feminines must do all the leaning. Beg your par-
don—that box with its green sod is not for to-
bacco spit. "Horror! a great live toad, as sure
as I am a man!" Yes, I found it with a broken
leg, so I took it in and am now rejoicing in its
convalescence.

It is only through suffering that we can grasp at
at Infinity, and that toad will hop forth into
the world again with a deeper experience, and with
a less egotistic toadyism, because of its broken
limb. I have cared for him these three weeks,
yet his lordship has never even looked a "thank
you." His remarkable countenance seems to say,
"I am the chief of my tribe; it is a blessing to the
world generally, to have me in it; you have mere-
ly done your duty, you will get your reward by
being a witness of my quiet example and toady
dignity."

Upon the whole, I do not like the fellow very
well, and conclude I have not much affinity for
the species.

Now examine my geological specimens; lay your
masculine hands on them carefully; some of them
are very delicate. That is a petrified hickory
nut which I brought from the bank of the lower
Wabash; that is also a petrification—a crosswise
section of an edible root I one day found in an
old garden in Mass.; these two stones, one con-
taining the full and well-defined print of a child's
foot, and the other some curious hieroglyphical
characters, I gathered from the bank of the Pe-
noscot; that beautiful shining quartz came from
a hill-side of New Hampshire, that small one so
delicately veined with yellow from the Connecti-
cut valley; this pine cone bearing a smell of "be-
fore the flood," was thrown up by a well-digger,
from fifty feet below the earth's surface, in

Michigan; and so on through my miniature cabi-
net.

"That queer fix in the corner, and that big book
against the wall?" Yes, sir, that "fix" is my plant
press; that "book" my herbarium. This reminds
me that I had planned to spend the day on a bo-
tanical excursion. You would like to go along?
Well, make me a solemn promise, by your smooth-
ly shaven chin, that you will neither smoke, chew
tobacco, or wish for a cup of tea or coffee, till we
get back. You promise? Quite a man. Excuse
me, in ten minutes I will be armed and equipped
for action.

All ready. "I declare." I beg of you to do no
such thing; I have heard so many declarations,
they have become quite stale. Mrs. Prim declares
my Bloomer is "too ridiculous;" Miss Tidy declares
"how neat;" cousin Mag pouts and declares I shall
"spoil her market," gathers up her innumerable
skirts and flounces and sweeps majestically from
the room. Fred, fresh from college, asks aunt
Sally to black his boots; sits in the door and hums,
"O meet me by moon light alone," (glad he don't
mean me, I should be scared to meet such a
shadowy man by moonlight,) while uncle Tim does
the milking, after a hard day's work. This Fred
declares that I am a "frightful romp," nothing
"ethereal" about me. But uncle Tim, dear old
man, blessings on his gray hairs, sunny face, and
toil-worn hands, declares, "now child, you look as
if you could get about with your short dress,
palm-leaf hat, buckskin glove, and nice boots; go
to the fields and woods, gather flowers, health
and happiness." So do not declare any further,
and perhaps when I am quite old I may cheat my-
self into the belief that you were going to make
some particular declaration.

This direction. You may carry the basket; the
paper contains a lunch, the knife is to dig up small
plants, or to cut off parts of others; the tin box
is to keep the more delicate ones from wilting, and
the wet towel is to protect those which are expos-
ed in the basket from the sun and wind.

Now how could I, with woman's ordinary dress,
ever scale that five-rail fence, cross that ravine,
ford that stream, climb that hill, walk yonder prai-
rie, or ramble through those old woods. You are
silent and echo asks, "how could I." But I can
do it easily, dressed as I now am; with two steps,
a hand on the top rail and a bound, I have noise-
lessly come down on this side. You give me the
basket, climb up on that side, put over one foot
then the other, give a jump, come down with your
No. 10's nearly two feet apart, while the earth
rings. Really, sir, I fear you have disturbed your
antipodes; the next steamer will be bringing news
of a young earthquake among that interesting
people.

Here we wander and wander, now in the woods,
now on the prairies, now down the glen, and now
on the hill top; the wild flowers are all around.

Wild flowers, wild flowers,
Bring them in wet with dew,
When sorrows are many and the world is untrue
They whisper, they whisper,
Lift upward thy prayer,
For 'e'en over us is His infinite care.

The day wears away, we stand again on the home side of the fence. I am a little weary, not much. We met as strangers, we part as friends; you have promised to give up tobacco, and advocate freedom for women, even in dress, and thus shall man be free—again, good night.

[Water Cure Journal.

Fort Madison, Iowa.

For the Lily.

Dr. Nott on the Sphere of Woman—No. 2.

The learned Doctor is not contented in excluding woman from direct action in the affairs of government, but is equally solemn and dogmatical in excluding her from direct action in all affairs of society. He impliedly admits that if she can be allowed to act openly upon any subject which concerns the public good, that subject is temperance. And as to that, he says:

"I would not, if I could, persuade those of the sex who hear me, to become the public advocates of even temperance."

It might trouble a less ingenious man than Dr. Nott, to give any reason of policy, or ethics, of law or religion, to sustain so paradoxical a proposition. We are to understand, of course, that he is a zealous advocate of temperance; that he believes it to be the paramount duty of every man and woman, to do all that is possible in the furtherance of the cause, and that in this respect and devotion to the sex, he is as ardent as the chills of eighty winters can leave any man. It is such considerations which make his proposition appear so paradoxical. Should an opponent of temperance and virtue, an open contemner and despiser of woman's influence and society, preach in that way, there would be nothing which would strike any one as paradoxical. It would be expected from the gambler and the libertine, for it is the common sentiment of each; it would be expected in the haunts of one and in the dens of the other, for there the atmosphere generates the sentiment. But when a man of so much excellence and refinement publicly avows a common fellowship in such an unhallowed doctrine, it arouses curiosity at once to learn his reasoning, and the catechism which guides him. To both he gives a clue, tho', as in every thing else, done up in no common form. Elegance of diction and the charm of words, while they none the less convey his meaning, beguile it of its asperity. All his rules and reasons, though it is not all he says, are comprehended in the language we will now quote:

"It is not yours to wield the club of Hercules, or bend Achilles' bow. But, though it is not, still you have a heaven-appointed theater of action.—The look of tenderness, the eye of compassion, the lip of entreaty are yours."

This contains a principle which belongs to an age as far back in man's history as the classical allusions naturally carry the mind of the scholar—back to the period when poets make some gigantic savage the terror of his fellows, and through that terror and personal admiration of his animal prowess, chief of his tribe. Now, should the Sachem of the Blackfeet harangue his people; should the prince of debauchees lecture his victims—should the mistress of harlots moralize her family, each would harmonize upon that one principle. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We do not mean to impute to the Reverend Dr. the characteristics of the one, or proclivities in the direction of either of the others. No man has lived a purer or more unexceptionable life. His morals and his habits through his long cycle of years, have been as correct as his intellect has been refined. We have made the allusions and associations in no spirit of detraction, but in order to point to a certain similarity in the ethics of the social relations which obtain in the world, among parties, who, in every thing else, occupy opposite extremes. And we allude to it, as a part of that state of things which demands reform. That such men as Dr. Nott should concur with the untutored savage, the Broadway dandy, and the panderers of vice, in proclaiming that the sphere of woman permits her to exert an influence upon the morals of the world, only in a namby pamby, Miss Nancy kind of a way, is strange, passing strange. It can be accounted for in no other way than that there is a morbid disease of public sentiment, transmit-

ted from the times of the heathen, and affecting not merely the unsound and sickly, but touching in its gangrene what are generally considered its most healthy members; a rotten spot, upon the body politic, which the recuperative energies have not yet sloughed off. And in the imperfections incident to human nature, even in the best of men, we may find the explanation of the paradox so far as it involves the distinguished name at the head of this article.

The leader of the tribes of Israel from Egypt's bondage, could not sufficiently wear off his foggyism to become a fit sojourner of the land of promise. And we have no right to expect that Dr. Nott can give up the opinion he has cherished and taught for more than half a century, more than that the earth and the sea can give up their dead before the final resurrection.

All we complain about, and all we protest against, is the continually pointing to the pale blue lights of the past as the beacon fires of the future. With feelings mingled of joy and sorrow, of wonder and admiration, we may properly reverence the setting, but our days of hope lie toward the rising sun.

There is another misconception of men and things, exhibited in the same connection, which has the merit, at least, of being entirely consistent with its antecedents and associations. He would not only have woman restricted to the "look of tenderness, the eye of compassion, the lip of entreaty," but the limits of her empire he makes as narrow, as the mode prescribed is simpering.

"Yours, too, are the decisions of taste, and yours the omnipotence of fashion. You can, therefore—I speak of those who are the favorites of fortune, and who occupy the high places of society—you can change the terms of social intercourse, and alter the current opinions of community."

Such is the language of a learned and pious teacher of youth in the nineteenth century. Such is woman's "sphere" marked out upon the map of society with sacerdotal wand. But we beg leave to say, with very high respect for the learned author, that neither his teaching nor his marking out, is original with him or the profession to which he belongs. The look, the manner, the etiquette and the ceremony—the "decisions of taste," and "the omnipotence of fashion" can boast no higher origin than the dancing master's cranium and the milliner's shop. To dignify such influences as mighty in fashioning the morals and developing and directing the energies of society and of the world, coming from the one as an allurement to his particular profit, or from the other as a puff to sell her handiwork, might be pardonable as tricks of the trade, and to intelligent minds appear simply burlesque. But when we undertake to dress up such nonsense in the learning of the classics, the dignity of the pulpit, the gravity of age, and the sanctity of religion, we make mockery of intelligence, human and divine, and wares and merchandise of God's noblest work.

The assumed rule of society as implied in asserting controlling power to "those (women) who are the favorites of fortune, and who occupy the high places of society," is equally a mistaken and superficial idea, unworthy alike the head of a philosopher and the heart of a Christian. The women so flatteringly addressed, are not claimed to be distinguished for intelligence, or for practising the virtues of the decalogue; but are the fashionable ladies, with more regard for laces and flounces, than they ever care to entertain for either virtue or intelligence. Of all the women in the world, they probably contribute as little, if not less, than any other class, toward controlling the opinions of the present, or fashioning those of the future. Neither the power nor the disposition is among their worldly possessions for their own use, or their children's inheritance. Their sons and daughters are taught that to do the thinking of the world is a little too much like work to be comfortable with the true standard of gentility. The consequence is, they dawdle away a few brief seasons at watering places and parties, rust out and die, as near as the ceasing of such an existence can be called death. Three or four generations, each weaker and more diddling than the preceding, and the race ends in vice and crime and

pauperism—is blotted out—has ceased to exist.—No, his philosophy is not true. The idea that we are to look to a few fashionable women, such as annually assemble at Saratoga and Newport, weak in body, and weaker still in mind and morals, as the fountains from which issue the current opinions of society, is about as sensible as it would be to ascribe to the swallows the cause of the round of the seasons, or to the butterflies the source of light and heat.

The true aristocracy of this country is the great middle class—the laborers and producers—the farmers and the mechanics. There is the fountain of all the current opinions which are worth observing and cultivating. From that class arise the men and women of each generation who do the thinking and the acting—who invent, explore and discover—and who open the new pathways through which the blessings of civilization and refinement, are continually progressing.

From that class Dr. Nott arose, and from thence he derived his energies and his opinions. Few men have been more lavishly endowed with good gifts, and few have used them to the greater advantage of his generation. But his eye is dimmed and his intellect clouded. In the march of improvement he has made his last encampment.—Younger generations, with more youth and vigor left, have kept along, and from day to day are marching. They may look back and lament for those who have lain down to die by the way-side, but still they must go onward. So it must ever be. Individuals and generations, as they are overtaken by the scythe of time, must drop off and watch their last hour glass. But their places in the grand army have been already supplied, and they will harass their remaining days in vain by cries to halt.

SENEX.

For the Lily.

AURORA, 6th month, 12th, 1855.

EDITOR LILY—I have just attended the annual New York Women's State Temperance Convention, held at Aurora.

I was very forcibly struck with the deep devotion and energy of character manifested by those women who have buckled on the armor for the fight of Temperance.

So far from laying it down, just as the enemy has been routed, they seem to feel a four-fold earnestness to fully exterminate him, lest he turn again and rend them, but to pursue and stand ground, until victory is completely ours. As I was invited to take part in the discussions of the day, I was forcibly reminded of the passage, "The fear of man worketh not the righteousness of God. And certain I am, that pride has no small share there, in not participating at such times.

Despising the simple small beginnings, because forsooth we cannot rise before an assembly and deliver, for the first time, our ideas in as pleasing or eloquent a manner as Miss Clark, or Mrs. Albro, who assure us that they had a beginning, and that it is practice makes them what they are.

The cause thus sustains a great loss, as the reaction of a thought or sentiment, when expressed, will reverberate and gather strength from coming in contact with other minds, until a great truth is elicited.

However, there were several ladies who spoke, and to the purpose, too, who never before had ventured to speak before so large an assembly.—One of them was Mrs. Gregory, of Ithaca. She was truly eloquent, because her ideas were given in so natural and simple a manner. Not many eyes were dry when she spoke of her love, marriage, disappointment, &c., as she called what she had to offer her experience.

Mrs. Munson, from Weedsport, gave some of her experience in the way of being persecuted, and finally disowned from the Baptist Church, for giving out the information, after the church services had closed, of a temperance meeting, which the minister refused to do. This called for several resolutions, which, with the proceedings of the meeting, will be published in the Women's Temperance Paper, printed at New York city, of which Mary Vaughan is the editor—a truly interesting and talented sheet.

Respectfully,

M. S. B.

For The Lily.
Every Day Scenes in Country Life—No. 3.
CONTINUED.

A few days after the events described in our last, as Mrs. Hardy was seated, as usual, at her sewing, she was surprised by the entrance of a lady whom she instantly recognized as the wife of one of the prominent business men in W—. After seating herself, the lady very unceremoniously informed her that the object of her visit was to solicit "material aid" for their pastor, who according to her statement, could not get along with only his salary of five hundred a year, and support a family of four persons genteely. "They have so much company, you know, Mrs. H.," she added, "and a minister's house is always an unpaid tavern. His case was presented yesterday, at the meeting of the church, and as we all felt that we could do but little more, times being so hard and provisions so high, myself and three other ladies proffered our service to go out among the farmers and try what we could do. We know that as a general thing, they always have plenty of provisions on hand, and we were quite sanguine that relief might be obtained in that way."

"I shall be obliged to refer you to my husband," Mrs. A— said Mrs. H—, as the lady closed her appeal, "Whatever he chooses to do in this matter I shall not object to. If you will please to wait, I will speak to him."

"Oh, no; do not trouble yourself to go out; indeed you look quite pale and care-worn. I can just step out and do the errand myself; I saw Mr. H— as I came up, just across the grass plat yonder, and a short walk in the green fields is quite a treat for me."

Mrs. A— had quite another reason for wishing to urge her suit in her own person, for she saw by the uninterested expression of Mrs. H's countenance, that her appeal had awakened no sympathy, and might not be pressed upon the attention of the farmer with sufficient force to elicit a response.

Mr. Hardy was in an unusually gracious mood that morning. He was surrounded by half a dozen neighboring men and boys, who were commenting upon the merits of the fine young animal which he was proudly exhibiting before them, and for which he had only the day before exchanged "old Roan," who they all knew as one of the "old settlers." The assurance that he had made at least forty dollars by the trade, added not a little to his good humor. At the approach of the lady, the profane jest and the coarse laughter ceased, and one by one they silently retired, leaving only Mr. H— and Pat, who warmed in the atmosphere of his master's countenance, was cutting all sorts of antics—standing on his head, turning somersets, etc;

Mr. H— recognized Mrs. A—, shook her hand in his rough manner, and listened to her appeal, (which was prefaced by a compliment to his known public spirit and generosity,) with a great deal of complaisance, and giving the bridle of the beast which he held, into the hands of the boy, he preceded the lady to the house.

"Be the power, an' if there's a divil a bit of generosity in him, it's meself that'll witness that same," soliloquized Pat, as he jerked the bridle from the horse's head, and giving him a smart slap in the rear, caused him to perform a circus feat over a half dozen fence bars.

"Well, Janett," said Mr. H., as he entered the house, "they say the minister's in want, and I suppose we must do something for him, of course.— You know I don't care much about preaching—I think I'm about as good as other folks, without it, but then you've been down there several times to hear Mr. —, and I'm willin' to pay for a'l the spiritual bread you've eat;" and Mr. Hardy laughed immoderately at his own fancied wit. "I guess," he added, "I'll take down a couple of hams out of the smoke house and send 'em to him, and may be you'd better send half a dozen rolls of the nice winter butter—it'll go first-rate on the minister's table. "I reckon," he added (turning to Mrs. A.), my wife can't be beat for butter making. Here, Pat, you're on hand once when you're wanted, ain't ye; you just go up to the meal room and bring down that sack of flour you carried up there to-day. You know your mistress saved it for charitable purposes," he added, with a side wink.

The mournful glance of his mistress, as she mechanically brought forward the butter, and deposited it beside the hams, drove the bright sunbeam from the brow of the sympathetic boy, and he brought down the flour with almost the same reluctance that he had before carried it into the loft.

"I do believe," said Mrs. A., to the next neighbor whom she called on, "that Mrs. Hardy really grudged every thing that they gave. I had always heard her spoken of as a very kind, benevolent woman, but I certainly think that Mr. Hardy, with all his roughness and profanity, has ten times as much generosity as his wife. If he could only be converted, what an excellent church member he would make."

"It ain't like Mrs. Hardy to be stingy where real charity is needed," replied Mrs. Algood, as she brought out a bunch of candles from her store, adding that her poor neighbor needed all the provisions they had to spare.

"She needn't come kerchyn' into my cheese room," said plain honest-hearted Mrs. Brown, "with her silks and satins all furbelowed off!—Lordy! I thought she'd grabbed my hand and shook it, all grease and other as it was. Jest so she used to do in Mr. A's store, when I went to trade; but when I went down there to meeting, and was eeny most dead with the headache, and set on the hard stone steps, then she could rattle her silks by me without seein me at all, jest because she had the minister's wife and the deacon's wife with her. Well, I believe in returnin' good for evil, but I'm thinking a piece of cheese would taste quite as good to poor old Mrs. Wilson's children, or old Mr. Foster, as to Parson G—. Why, if I'd gin her one of them big cheeses, she couldn't a got it into her carryall without makin' a pack mule of me, for sure she wouldn't a took it up with her silk mantel and kid gloves on."

After the departure of her visitor, Mrs. H— sat long ruminating upon the past. There was a weight at her heart—an undefinable impression of wrong from the participation in which she could not, as a responsible being, excuse herself. True, she had acted in obedience to the will of her husband, and the whole array of pulpit lectures in periodical essays and public and private teaching, marshalled themselves to do battle against the mighty giant, conscience. For a time hope and despair alternated in her bosom. But a call to the more active duties of her household again banished reflection, and amid her domestic occupations she sought consolation by recalling the sympathetic words of her Savior, "She hath done what she could."

META MILLWOOD.

For the Lily.

Letter from Adeline J. Swift.

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL—Petitions were presented to the Ohio Legislature in 1854, asking that body to give women equal rights in property with men, and to so amend the constitution as to give her the elective franchise. What did the women of Ohio receive from that honorable body? Nothing—they left the widows of Ohio to be robbed of home and their life-long earnings.

The married women of Ohio are still, with the slaves of the South, deprived of the right to control and use the fruits of their toil. The wives and mothers of Ohio are still, with the slave mothers of the South, liable to be deprived of the care and guardianship of their own children. The men of Ohio do not possess power to give their wives equal rights with themselves in property. A man may will all the property he may possess to his wife, appoint her executor, and the estate be free from debt, the widow is prohibited by the laws of the State, the privilege of carrying out her husband's wishes, until she has obtained permission from the great State of Ohio, or its agent, the Court of Probate. She must prove the will, purchase a letter empowering her to settle the estate; from the Judge, bind herself by oath to deliver every article belonging to the estate into the hands of appraisers for enumeration and appraisal; she must take three men all over her house, present the cups, saucers, plates, knives and forks, spoons, &c., every article of the value of sixpence, all the property willed to her by her husband to them, that they may tell her what it is worth, and pay

them three dollars per day for doing it. The women of Ohio are, with colored persons, deprived of the rights of citizenship—are taxed without representation, or their consent, and denied the right of trial by a jury of their peers.

The Hon. Wm. H. Seward, in a speech exposing the injustice of Know Nothingism, before the Senate of the United States, Feb. 23, 1855, affectionately advised all persons hereafter to be born in the United States, and, if convenient, in the State of New York. He also enjoined it upon all to be born of fathers and mothers, of grandfathers and grandmothers of pure American blood, and to be born Protestants. He earnestly, strenuously and affectionately advised all persons, everywhere, to be born white.

The Hon. gentleman should have gone further, and advised all persons hereafter to be born in the State of Ohio, to be born white males, for I assure you it is a great misfortune to be born a female or colored, in a State where sex and color constitute the qualifications necessary to ensure equal rights in property, education and citizenship. Is it not time for women and men who are laboring for the emancipation of woman, to make it a political question? It must come to that before we obtain justice. Let politicians know that true-hearted men and women will oppose them, if they oppose woman's interest, or, if they are not boldly for us; let us question candidates for the next Legislature, and oppose all who will not pledge themselves to do all in their power to repeal all laws making a distinction of color or sex. Would not a move of that kind effect much, and give an impetus to the cause which nothing else can give?

This county (Lorain) and district was represented by Dr. Townshend in the Senate, and Mr. Herick in the Legislature. They are right on the Woman's Rights question. Had there been a majority of such men in that body, all laws which make a distinction of color and sex would have been repealed.

ADALINE J. SWIFT.

Pennfield, June 11, 1855.

For the Lily.

Temperance in Hiram, Ohio.

MRS. BIRDSALL:—This is a fine farming township, and the seat of a flourishing institution of learning—"The Western Reserve Eclectic Institute."

Ever since the establishment of the school here, there has been too much of a disposition among some, for filthy lucre's sake, to sell intoxicating drinks. The people generally feeling very proud of their institution, and disliking to have the moral tone of the place lowered, tried all they could to remove the evil by proper and peaceable means; and in this, they were very successful, except with one individual. He proved hopelessly obstinate; and, whether he feared God or regarded men, no one could tell.

After a while, the citizens organized a Ladies and Gentlemen's Temperance Alliance. After long and earnest deliberation, and after all other means had been exhausted, a prosecution was commenced under our new Temperance Law. The refractory gentleman was convicted of keeping a nuisance. Although the money he made by the traffic still enables him to evade the punishment, yet he quit selling, and King Alcohol reigns not in our place! Many thanks for our deliverance! I assure you that nothing has ever been done, that has had a more moralizing effect. The man's wrath, no doubt, was very great at being thus interrupted in his nefarious business; and, as he could fill no more glasses or jugs, he began to fire bomb-shells at our town, from a mortar called the "Cleveland Plain Dealer." There was some hissing in the air, but the shells all fell short or went over our heads, and no damage was done. Seeing that he merely wasted his ammunition without any injury, as the Allies do at Sevastopol, he gave it up as a bad job!

Very efficient aid was rendered by the ladies, among whom, Mrs. L. was second to none.

As the gentleman before referred to, used the initials of his name (N. C. M.) in a bad cause, I think I may venture to employ mine in a good one.

L. W. T.

Hiram, O., June 29, 1855.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., JULY 15, 1855.

"Beware how you force Woman into the political arena.—Conservative cry."

The advocates of Woman's Rights plead for no "force" power in woman or man's authority. On the contrary, we ask for abolishment of that assumed constraining dominion that carves out to woman her Procrustes-like sphere, and which while it lauds immeasurably her taste, fine feeling, and nice quick judgment, throw out and prohibit representation of her being in all government affairs; and, ballasted, only, with the leaden will of man sail over the heart, the homes and the interests of woman, with a scathing and a seering power. This is verily true, and if in rehearsing the complaint, a tone of bitterness should sometimes become apparent, remember that while man still will curse himself with the ill-gotten power, bitterness will lurk beneath, and raise to his secret conscience the not pleasant voice of reproach. But not often, thus, has the Woman's Right's cause been approached. The public advocates have almost universally been those uniting rare rich feeling with nobility of character, and threading life's industrial pathway with the distaff of ability, and adorning home with the clustering joys of tenderness and love. None need seek to subvert the beautiful harmony of our existence and our make, nor drive from woman's heart the sweet impulses of her being. Ordered and blessed by the Almighty Power is her genial nature, and the true womanhood that brightens the home-light, and guides the home joys, would also guard that sanctuary in any emergency, chance or change of life, from the ruthless hand of the cold despoiler, and always guide the best, the truest interests of the home nestlings, with a nice judgment, and a gentle way, that would shame man to think that he had ever thought her power weak, or her high purposes changeable.

We would not "force" woman or man into any "arena;" we grasp after no such power—but we do steadily aver against that assumption of power that prohibits woman from her own government. We would leave her free. She needs no further governing than does man. She is subject to the same high and eternal Power, and to the same everlasting principles emanating therefrom. To these she is joyously subject—considering life a great joy, and life's duties pleasures indeed.

From these duties come necessities, and it is clearly a wrong to give up to the will and caprice of others the possession of these necessities, and the power of their acquisition, for by this these duties can neither be rightfully performed, nor life fitly enjoyed. It is an impossibility for any one to give away their own proper rights and duties, without severe injury to themselves, as well as to the recipient.

SERMON OF A. D. MAYO ON THE DEATH PENALTY.—We return thanks to our friend at Cleveland, S. J. Burger, for a pamphlet copy of this most excellent sermon, by the "Minister of the Congregational Society of Liberal Christians," in that city.

It is a masterly production, and is upon a subject that we have often wondered should attract so little attention from the public writers and speakers. We hope this "sermon" will be freely circulated.

To MICHAEL DANFORD—Special thanks, and we shall take good care that these favored "little Ladies" get their Lily rights.

A REMOVAL.—An apology is due some of our subscribers for the lateness of the arrival of their last paper. The printers got it out in good time, and we forwarded the majority in proper season; but a *rara avis* sort of a circumstance intervened and delayed the mailing of a few of the papers a couple of days. Suffice it to say, now, that the *Lily sanctum* is, for the present, *Home*—but nevertheless, *Home* will always be the *sanctum*.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

E H Barry, M D ; C Underwood; E M Perrin; Eliza Macomber; Calista F Flint; Amelia Bloomer; C S Flint; Mary B Smith; Sarah J Burger; Helen Noyes, and Hannah May; Mich'l Danford; Mary H Morgan; Emi B Swank; Huldant Denton; Laura P Rice; Catharine Gage

RICHARD KIRBY.—We have by sort of legerdemain lost all clue to the whereabouts of this gentleman. Can any of our friends send us his Postoffice address? They will confer a favor by so doing.

For The Lily.

The Marriage Institution.

I noticed an article on this subject, in The Lily, of June 1st, by M. A. Bronson, in which the writer defends, with great earnestness, the legal marriage; and expresses her disapprobation of the efforts of certain reformers for its abolition. You expect, of course, to give both sides of every question you think proper to admit into your columns.

There is no more important question than this of marriage, and the time has now come to give it a thorough examination. In order to arrive at the truth on any subject, it is necessary that all the various and conflicting views in relation to it, be presented and examined, and the advocates of the different theories be allowed the most perfect freedom in presenting the views they may entertain.

In speaking of marriage, we, of course, speak of it as it is, and not of a system that *might* be, called marriage. My first point, then, is, (and which no advocate of Woman's Rights can dispute,) that marriage *as it is*, is such an outrage upon justice and purity, so degrading to woman, so destructive to all humanity's highest interests, that a system worthy to be embraced and cherished must be so entirely different from it, as to deserve a different name.

Marriage is the *slavery of woman*. Marriage does not differ, in any of its essential features, from chattel slavery. The slaves earnings belong to the master, the earnings of the wife belong to the husband. The right of another to claim one's earnings, constitutes one a slave. In this respect, the essential feature of slavery, the wife and the chattel slave stand on a level. They may wear fine clothes, and "fare sumptuously every day," but in both cases the clothes they wear and the food they eat is the property of the master, and may be changed or withheld at his pleasure. If woman is endowed with one right more sacred than another, it is the right to her own children; but the wife nor the slave mother have no such right. In either case the legal owner of the child, as well as the mother, may separate them at will. Either the master or the husband, in his conduct, may be manly and pure; but it is, in either case, simply because she is too good to exercise the power placed in his hands. If there is any difference between chattel slavery and the popular system of marriage, that difference is incidental and not essential.

FRANCIS BARRY.

Berlin Heights, Ohio, June, '55.

We have taken the liberty to omit a portion of this communication—not because we have any fears of "Error, when truth is left free to combat it," but because a discussion about "Free Love" would, in our view, be of no benefit to our readers. For a similar reason an article on "The Bible" was declined, some time since.

For the Lily.
Letter from Mrs. Thomas.

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL—It is with feelings easier appreciated than described, that I ask you to give the accompanying article a place among the leaves of your fresh blooming Lily. It was written for the Lily by our daughter, a short time before her young and joyous spirit, not yet fourteen years of age, was transplanted to the spirit land. It was her first attempt at writing. She had been learning the printing business, several months previous to her death, which took place on the 15th March last. She was devoted to her business, and looked forward to the time when she should be able to make it the means of doing good to her fellow-creatures. The sentiment taught in the article shows that her young mind was awake to the necessity of women acquiring knowledge of business to render themselves independent; and I hope that her example will be an incentive to other young girls to not content themselves until they are acquainted with some useful and lucrative business which will enable them to depend on their own resources for a livelihood, and thus secure one of the objects of their creation, viz: their own development in all that is necessary in the operations of life.

The 12th of June is near at hand, the birthday of peace, sobriety and plenty, if the people will have it so. Whether they will avail themselves of the protection to life, health and property, that the law confers, remains to be seen. There are active measures taken here to ensure its blessings to the fullest extent; but let us not think the work accomplished when the law is once enforced; on the contrary, the friends of temperance have only just got permission of the "powers that be" to work for the entire destruction of the unholy traffic. Let the enemy be watched—traced to its most secure hiding places, and routed effectually; no other way can be safe.

MARY F. THOMAS.

Fort Wayne, June 5, 1855.

For The Lily.

Theology and Ethics.

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL:—I heartily respond to the suggestion of R. S. requesting the contributors to The Lily, to write upon scientific subjects. I have, however, for reasons hereafter given, selected sciences not included in the list.

As sister Swank has chosen Anatomy and Physiology, I hope she will succeed in convincing our sex that it is quite as important to learn the fashion of their internal organs, as that of their external garments. To be sure those organs are old-fashioned affairs, ever jogging on in their primitive style, perfectly regardless of outward innovations, except when there is an infringement upon their functional rights. As health depends chiefly upon the free exercise of those organic rights, we must, in order to defend them, understand their structure and uses. Of all the enemies by which they are beset, the most cruel, and most inconsistent is the unscientific goddess, Fashion.

I shall never forget grandma Bliss, as she bound the first band around her infant grand-daughter. Her eye was yet moist with tears, shed over its beloved mother during her protracted sufferings. "Oh," cried she, "what a curse upon woman!"—just then the old lady's fingers slipped—the band flew open, and the little one's body once more regained its natural size. "Give me some stronger pins," demanded she, "I am determined that this child shall have her mother's form, and shall therefore take charge of her first dressing myself—there is nothing like beginning in season. Her mother, in all probability, would have been just such a monster as myself, if I had not improved her form by binding and lacing."

"I wish from my soul," she sighed, as she turned towards her daughter's bed, "that Mary only had my constitution. Why I was always about again in three or four days, while she requires as many months." By this time the child's body, from its arm-pits down below its hips, had decreased at least one-fourth its size. Every organ, muscle, bone and cartilage had been compelled to yield its right to freedom, and submit to the "curse" of fashion, never again to enjoy the liberty, ease and consequent benefits of their natural rights. Please sister Swank, just give the old lady a few hints.

For my theme, I have selected Theology and Ethics, not because there is, or ever was any lack of disquisitions upon those subjects; but because those already before the public are, like our civil and political laws, so purely masculine. Masculine theology is perfectly consistent for those who worship a purely masculine God; for his qualities and attributes being masculine, his laws must of necessity be in accordance with his masculine nature. Such a God is of course exceedingly partial, and lenient towards his own sex, allowing them many prerogatives, and winking at their vices as less vicious than if indulged in by the other sex. As these sentiments are so interwoven with all our popular ideas of Deity and practical duties, we must, in order to secure to woman just and equal rights, contrive some way to infuse into our theological and ethical creeds an equal proportion of femininity, it being the only means to counteract those assumptions; for, it is in perfect accordance with his religion, that man claiming to rule over woman, primarily because of his God-like sex, and secondly, on account of his belief that she was the first to transgress the laws of God.

I propose in my succeeding articles, to give such ideas of Deity as have been gathered from studying his works; for his works being an embodiment of his ideas, must necessarily be in accordance both with his nature and with his will. Then, from the same source, I shall endeavor to investigate impartially the nature and origin of evil, its cause, effects, remedy, &c., &c.

I am aware that the same reasons which have ever been assigned for excluding femininity from our civil and political laws, will be brought to oppose the introduction of feminine sympathies and sentiments into our religious creeds. Man has always assumed that woman is naturally too sympathetic, and too much under the influence of the love principle; and that her judgment will ever be under the control of her peculiar qualities.

Man does not reflect that he judges only with man's judgment, which is ever in accordance with his too stern, and too unsympathetic nature, and that every law that has ever been submitted by him is characterized by his peculiar qualities.

The love principle is just what is lacking in all our civil, political, moral and religious theories. They all need to be regenerated—to be born again of the love spirit, and nursed with the milk of human kindness, consequently they must have maternity. For those that have, Minerva-like, sprang solely from man's brains can never be congenial to humanity, made up as it is of equal parts of the male and female elements.

I am aware that our religionists claim that we have arrived at the *ne plus ultra* in our religious creeds, that the doctrine of Christ can never be improved. I admit that the principles taught and lived out by Christ are self-evidently divine, and are just what is needed to save mankind from sinning, and from the consequences of sinning. But, as a body, they have never as yet lived up to even the twilight of pure Christianity. For whoever by word or deed denies to any human being any right or privilege which he himself wishes to enjoy, is a downright infidel to the holy precepts of Christ. As it is admitted by all impartial judges that our religionists as a body (there being very many honorable exceptions) are the greatest opposers, not only of woman's rights, but to the amelioration of our criminal code, I shall be rather plain in giving my reasons for worshipping a different God.

JANE FROHOCK.

Mount Carroll, Ill., June 15th, 1855.

For The Lily.

OREGON, OGLE CO., Ill., July 1st, '55.

MRS. BIRDSALL:—There were several mistakes in printing my last letter for the "Lily," the most prominent and annoying of which was making me call Rock River the Mississippi of the Aborigines. If you will look at the original MSS. I think it will read Sinnissippi; and now, as the name of the river is corrected, the other errors may pass by. I learned, long ago, that it is one of the easiest things in the world, to make mistakes—much easier than it is to rectify them. There is

no class of people in the world that I dread to come in contact with as I do with those who never make any mistakes—whose doings are always exactly right, and whose opinions are always infallible, in their own estimation, however erroneous they may seem to others. When among such I usually keep very quiet, choosing to humor their hydrophobic dread of conversation, which gives a generous latitude to speculations, rather encounter their dogmatical "it is so," or, "it is not so," which seldom fails to put an effectual damper upon all freedom of speech, and conversational pleasure, and the closing up remarks which follow about the weather, the crops, or neighborhood gossip in general, are like the last spasmodic sparks, or flickering blazes—if that sounds any better—which came sputtering forth from a suddenly extinguished fire—just as if some sort of a demonstration must be made as an apology for going out after being effectually extinguished!

Now it certainly requires considerable moral courage to attack an ancient erroneous opinion, which has grown so smooth and hard with use and age, that reasonable arguments rebound from it like bullets from the scaly back of a centenarian alligator. If there is any brain about it, a vulnerable point will probably be found if perseveringly sought for; but if there are no indications of sensitiveness about it—better let it alone—it will roll into oblivion of its own free will, when its time comes, as naturally as water seeks its level.

If forty souls—I mean the souls of these women who have all the rights they want—can float down the Mississippi in a clam-shell, each one carrying a band-box and parasol, how many of them can a man carry in his vest pocket?

I may be the victim of a wrong impression here, but it really does seem to be a fact that these selfish and self-satisfied women, ever congratulating themselves about enjoying all the rights they want, really imagine that a man's heart is located in his pocket book; because, when that gets empty, there is such a sad complaining about the curtailment of new dresses, bonnets, pleasure rides, &c., and so on, that the verdant in these matters would take it for granted that they were really abused beyond endurance; for no women submit to a deprivation of privileges with so little philosophy. Accustomed to the soft romance of life—to being rowed gently along without tugging at the oar themselves—they never study its severe realities, until compelled to do so; then wonder why they never observed its rugged points before—never became aware of its duties and responsibilities to which they now turn as spoilt children do to bread and butter, when pies and cakes are no longer within their reach. But I will change the subject. No enemies are more inveterate than these soft and gentle women—luxuriating in the enjoyment of all the rights they want, and sneering at "woman's rights," and the women who are nobly striving to advance the interests of their sex—when their follies are written out for the world's perusal.

I have been reading "Greenwood Leaves," of late, in the absence of anything more fresh and green. And yet for the matter of green things to look at, we have only to look out upon the world abroad, and the eye may be satisfied with looking upon such things. The vegetable world does not often exhibit a greater luxuriance of progress. Mrs. Lippincott has planted seeds of a higher and better life in hearts innumerable. Do they take root, blossom and bear fruit? or do they wither and die for the want of a generous culture? If women are no better for reading what she has written; if they have culled only the romance of her glorious genius—passing by the severer lessons of social, moral and intellectual culture—can they justly claim her as their own representative. O women, soft and gentle (?) happy in the enjoyment of all the rights you want—do you claim "Grace Greenwood" as an exponent of your own ideas and principles? You may imagine that you have dragged that genius down into your own narrow and twilight sphere; but you will have to mount far, far above the boundaries of your present vision, before you can join the circle to which it is bound by the laws of affinity.

HARRIET N. TORREY.

For the Lily.

The Mother's Incessant Toil.

MRS. BIRDSALL: Having many leisure moments at my disposal, on account of protracted illness, I will write a few words for the Lily, that sweet flower of the West, which, I must say, I read with pleasure, or at least those parts which are calculated to produce pleasure, and others with sorrow that such one-sided laws and customs are made and practised in this self-styled "Land of the free, and home of the brave."

I am not one of those happy creatures that "have all the rights they want;" yet in justice to my family, I must acknowledge I have all in their power to bestow.

While meditating on the hard lot of woman, the thought struck me, how many of earth's fragile daughters are compelled by necessity to exert themselves as long as nature will hold out, then betake them to their beds until they're again re-suscitated—then again commence that round of duties which will again exhaust nature, and only cease when the heart ceases to beat, and the emancipated form is laid in the retirement of the grave.

I will not indulge a thought that my humble pen could wield a blow that would tell on the monster custom which has held the intellectual culture of woman so long in bondage. We leave that for abler heads and more practised pens than mine to combat. I have already more than hinted at the subject, which, in my estimation, is fraught with so much interest to mankind; and were it remedied perhaps the next generation would not, as the proverb goes, be "weaker and wiser," but stronger and wiser.

The subject I wish to speak of is the unceasing, never-ending toil imposed on the majority of the poorer class of females, especially mothers. From the rising in the morning, until the last step is taken at night, (which with a large portion is not until all the other members of the household have long since entered the land of dreams.) It is a round of duties and calls from the different members of the family, until at last thinking, "Well, I believe I have got about around," "tired nature seeks repose." But a few more duties must be performed, which would, were they neglected, disturb the rest of that watchful mother, viz: to see that all is well with the little folks, and they safely tucked in their little cots. Now all is right—she takes a long breath, and retires to rest. Well, I should think she would need rest if any poor mortal would, especially as her physical strength and nerves are so much inferior to man's.

Some may think the picture is overdrawn, or too highly colored; but I am certain the majority of unprejudiced minds will concede at once, that it is a picture from life. As already hinted, it is not my own portrait; were this the case, I would not dare draw it for fear of a recognition by my friends.

I am by nature sympathetic, and feel, sensibly feel, for those that are in bondage, and as I have seen these things repeatedly, I know for myself that they do exist. I can but raise my voice against them, and if I accomplish nothing else, I shall at least clear my conscience. But methinks I hear one one say, where is the remedy? If they will be so foolish as to drudge themselves to death unnecessarily, we can't help it. But to such I would say, the comfort of the family depends upon it, and were she to relax her energies, you would soon be compelled to acknowledge it. And as for the remedy, why that is generally at hand. In the first place, have all things as conveniently arranged as possible, then each member do all in their power towards taking care of themselves. There is another side to the picture, but it has been so often shown, that a school-boy with ordinary abilities, could draw it to the life. But I have said more than I intended already on this subject, and will close by wishing my dear sisters success in the cause of humanity.

Cardington, O., July 1855.

A lady describing an ill-tempered man said: "He never smiles but he seems to be ashamed of it."

For The Lily.

A BRIEF ANALYSIS OF MAN.

The history of Alexander the great, may serve as the history of every individual who has sought after happiness in the pursuit of fame or power.—Feeling the impulses and desires of his immortal nature demanding action and gratification, he vainly imagined that gratification could be obtained in the conquest of the world. Stimulated to action by his immortal cravings, he drew his sword and rushed madly upon man. The wailing of widows and orphans awoke in his path. He carried desolation and ruin wherever he went—on he strode, crushing human hearts at every step, until the world was conquered and lay in slavish subjection at his feet. Kings and princes were his subjects, and all nations were tributary to him.—There he stood on the pinnacle of fame and power, a monument of solitude and grief. To what farther attainment could he aspire? What wish could he indulge, which he had not the abundant means to gratify? Appetite and passion had the world at their command, and could not confer happiness. The reason is obvious. Alexander had attempted to satisfy the demands of his higher nature, by laboring to administer to the lower: by so doing, he had not only left his better nature to famish, but had intensified his baser passions and appetite beyond their capacity of gratification and thus rendered himself hopelessly wretched.

This is characteristic of all who make wealth the object of their attainment. The desire of gain is constantly stimulating them to incessant toil and privation; and success brings with it no enduring satisfaction.

The case of the French miser is a fair illustration of the power of wealth to beget happiness. In Paris there lived a man whose desires and aspirations centered in the acquisition of wealth. He rose early, sat up late, toiled hard, and eat the bread of carefulness, that he might lay up for himself earthly treasures. And he was abundantly successful in his efforts. His wealth rolled in upon him until it amounted to untold millions. But with the increase of his riches, his avaricious desires and anxious cares increased. The desire of getting, and the fear of losing, deprived him of appetite and rest, and sleep. In his fevered dreams he had visions and forebodings of bank failures, stock depreciations, conflagrations and shipwrecks. His wealth seemed always to be on the wing, and just ready to escape his grasp. Finally he turned his property into gold, and resolved to keep it within his own custody and control. Then he thought of the ingenuity of thieves, and frailty of locks; prudence seemed to demand his constant presence to watch over and guard his golden heaps. There he heard the footsteps of the robber, the supposed whisper of the assassin, and midnight work of the burglar, as they lurked around for his life and gold. Thus he continued to watch night and day, until tired and abused nature gave away, and left the old man a victim to gold and despair. He now felt that his life of toil and privation had only heaped upon him wretchedness and misery, and no prospect of relief. His desire for gain still unabated, yet every dollar it brought only added a new pang to his head and heart. He resolved to end the scene, and sink in death that which in life had been denied to him. With this intention he hastened to the river, and as he stood upon its banks, taking his farewell view of earth and to pronounce his last malediction upon it, thrust his hands into his pocket where he found four guineas, which had escaped the prison of its fellows. He took them in his hands, and for the first time in his life he felt they were of no value to him; for the first time in his life, he thought they might be of some value to some poor suffering child of sorrow. With this feeling, and this thought, he turned away to find some needy one upon whom he might bestow them. He had not gone far when he came to the door of a wretched hovel. He heard within the cry of poverty and distress—he entered. There lay on a pallet of straw, and covered with rags, a sick and widowed mother; upon the floor sat four hungry little ones crying for bread, and the mother none to give; and no means for procuring any. There she lay in agony, such as none but mothers feel for perishing babes, perishing for want of food, and none to give. She

had just prayed, "Father give us this day our daily bread," when the old miser entered the door. He came to the bed side—silently he placed the guineas in her hand. The mother looked upon the guineas, then upon the giver, then upon the guineas, and again upon the giver, as if to assure herself it was not a dream. Then she seized his hand and pressed it to her lips. The warm tears bathed it, and she blessed him, and prayed God to bless him; she bade her little ones to come and bless him, and they came, and blessings, thanks and prayers were showered thick upon him. The old miser's heart gave way—the flesh was pierced. A thrill of joy, of satisfaction, of exquisite delight shot through his soul, and set the blood tingling to the tips of his fingers. A voice seemed to whisper in his ears "Well done."

"What," exclaimed the old man, "is happiness so cheap? Then will I be happy." He turned away not to drown himself, but to fill his pockets with guineas, and search out the objects of charity, that he might relieve them. Thus he spent the remainder of his life, and at last died in a good old age, testifying to all around that the way to be happy was to be good and useful.

In the foregoing incident, we, as men, may learn a lesson taught by nature. Why does not the ship-wrecked mariner, when he is thrown upon some barren rock, famishing from thirst, with the ocean around him, why does he not drink? Because he knows that every drop of that brine will only serve to intensify that thirst; and could he drink the ocean dry, he would increase, not satisfy, its rage; whereas, one simple quaff of the appropriate drink would afford him the exquisite satisfaction and delight. This was the case of the miser. He had been striving to satisfy the demands of his higher nature with food unsuited for it.—He had been drinking brine to assuage his thirst, but the moment he even accidentally complied with the demands of his higher nature, the dove returned with the olive leaf in his mouth, the ark rested on the top of the mountain, and despair subsided from the face of his soul.

JUNIUS.

Richmond, Ind.

For the Lily.

MEETINGS IN STARR HALL.

A numerous and intelligent company assembled on the evenings of the 20th, 21st and 22d inst., to hear discourses from Mrs. Britt, of St. Louis.

Her addresses were made in the abnormal or trance state. Her physical organism appears influenced and controlled by an intelligence consciously foreign to her own mind, which making use of her organs of speech, delivers impromptu discourses on religious, philosophical and scientific subjects, embracing thoughts and arguments as new to herself as to other hearers, exhibiting a mental power obviously beyond her own.

The themes or principles delivered through the agency of this remarkable woman, have attracted, in this city, a marked degree of public attention. Their eloquence, and their intrinsic value are admitted on every hand, whatever credence is given to the claim of their spiritual origin. The intelligences who make use of her organism, invariably select their themes of remark, and the expositions are so original and so full of spiritual life and truth that they at once command the attention, and appeal to the reasoning mind of the hearer; but any attempt at a synopsis of the discourses would be a failure; to be appreciated, would have to be a listener. Such an audience was seldom witnessed in this city—so decorous, and with such rapt attention—a bending forward to listen—a hush as of death. Not a single word was lost. This lady has traveled over the principal parts of the United States, from the extreme South to the principal cities in the East and North. From this place she goes to the City of Cincinnati—any further, she had no knowledge where; but gave some assurance she would return this way in a few weeks.

Permit me to allude to one remark made by her in her normal state, in giving a synopsis of her first address: that in the last four years she had not read over twenty pages relative to the subject she treats upon.

ONE OF THE AUDIENCE.

Richmond, June 24, 1855.

From the Prohibitionist.

A SKETCH.

Upon the west bank of a river which bears the name of the discoverer, stands a cottage, once the abode of peace and love.

It was twilight. Sweet played the passing zephyrs amid luxuriant foliage, wafting through the lattice the perfume of summer's richest, loveliest flowers. Henry Orme had conducted his wife through every apartment of the cottage, and they now stood upon the porch, viewing the romantic scenery which surrounded them. A steamer, whose noisy engine broke the holy hush of the twilight hour, was moving majestically down the river—here and there might be seen a star peeping out from the blue canopy, to see if the light of day had faded from earth, while the hue of the eastern sky heralded the approach of the Queen of Night.

"Henry," said his wife, laying her hand upon his arm, "this is our first evening at home; and God grant that our whole lives may pass as calmly, as happily as this hour; but if trials do come, may He give us patience to bear them without a murmur. When my father died I was hurled from affluence to poverty, without a friend, with no hope in the future but that of a home in a better world. You gave me the warm, pure love of a noble heart.—You have given me a home amid nature's richest, loveliest scenery, where timid dwellers of the grove warble their matin songs of praise to Him who created them, and breathe their good night in a gush of sweetest melody, and I have nothing to offer in return save the untold wealth of woman's love. Here would I live—here would I die—when, as now, there is a holy hush upon nature's wide domain; and the first soft moonbeam is sweetly blending with the last glow of twilight, would I pass from earth to the bright realms of unending day." * * * * *

Let us pass over fifteen years. In a miserable hut near the southern shore of one of our northern lakes, lay Henry Orme, raving in the agony of *delirium tremens*. His history is like that of many others—first a visitor to the legalized bar of a fashionable hotel, then to a low groggery, the receptacle of filth and vice. His wealth, reputation and self-respect were gone, and he removed to another part of the State, still trying to drown the memory of what he once was, and what he might yet had been, in the intoxicating bowl.

Who can portray the grief of his heart-broken wife as she witnessed his sufferings which she could not alleviate? God in rich mercy help thee, thou sorrowing wife and mother; for man who had the power to ward off this evil, and save thy loved husband from ruin, was unmindful of the sacred trust committed to him, and thy husband falls a sacrifice, leaving thyself and children homeless wanderers.

The chill winds of autumn sighed a mournful requiem as Henry Orme was borne to his last resting place—the dark, lone grave. A few sympathetic tears were shed by the little company gathered around that grave; then they turned away, hoping never to look upon his like again; for he had been known to them only as a loathesome inebriate. Far different the feelings of her who lingered long after the last clod was thrown upon that lowly mound. Looking back through the vista of years, she beheld him a man of talent, religious principles, and unswerving integrity, possessing a nobility of soul rarely excelled. Then, when first his image was enshrined within her heart she looked forward not only to a happy union here, but also when life was o'er to a blissful reunion where sorrow enters not, where nothing debars the interchange of thought, but each spirit may blend, (if both faithful to God,) with its own loved spirit, of this changing world, throughout eternity. Now, the cold earth hid his form from view. Hope, a tear dimming her eye, raised not her pinions to waft the imagination to the home of the blessed; but retired as despair drew nigh, his dusky wing overshadowing, and his fierce talons lacerating her before deeply wounded heart.

The cold snow covers, and the storm-wind howls above the lowly couch of that wife and mother, as she sleeps beside her husband in an obscure corner of a country church yard.

Why are the children of Henry Orme friendless

recipients of charity? Because man is legally authorized to tempt his fellow-man, by presenting intoxicating drink, and their father, yielding to temptation, fell never to rise again.

LIZZIE LORRAINE.

What Constitutes Riches.

"To be rich," said Mr. Marcy, our worthy Secretary of State, "requires only a satisfactory condition of the mind. One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another in the possession of millions may think himself poor; and as the necessities of life are enjoyed by each, it is evident the man who is the best satisfied with his possessions is the richest."

To illustrate this idea, Mr. Marcy related the following anecdote: "While I was Governor of the State of New York," said he, "I was called upon one morning at my office by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman, who stalked in and commenced a conversation by inquiring 'if this was Mr. Marcy?'"

I replied that that was my name.

"Bill Marcy?" said he.

I nodded assent.

"Used to live in Southport, didn't ye?"

"I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was, and what he was driving at.

"That's what I told 'em," cried the backwoodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force; "I told 'em you was the same old Bill Marcy who used to live in Southport, but they wouldn't believe it, and I promised the next time I came to Albany to come and see you and find out for sartin. Why, you know me, don't you Bill?"

"I didn't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me I couldn't recollect ever having seen him before, and so I replied that he had a familiar countenance, but that I was not able to call him by name.

"My name is Jack Smith," answered the backwoodsman, "and we used to go to school together thirty years ago in the little red school-house in old Southport. Well, times have changed since then, and you have become a great man and got rich, I suppose?"

"I shook my head, and was going to contradict that impression, when he broke in:

"Oh, yes you are, I know you are a rich man: no use denying it. You was Controller for—for a long time, and the next we heard of you you were Governor. You must have made a heap of money, and I am glad of it—glad to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad at school, and I knew that you would come to something."

I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined. "I suppose," said I, "fortune has smiled upon you since you left Southport?"

"Oh, yes," said he, "I hain't got nothing to complain of; I must say I've got along right smart.—You see, shortly after you left Southport, our whole family moved up into Vermont, and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees, and cleared more land than any other in the whole State.

"And so you have made a good thing of it.—How much do you consider yourself worth?" I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, as he seemed to be so well satisfied with his.

"Well," he replied, "I don't know exactly how much I am worth: but I think (straightening himself up,) if all my debts were paid I should be worth three hundred dollars clean cash." And he was rich, for he was satisfied."

CENSUS.—The English system provides for taking the entire National Census in one day. Each head of a family is previously furnished with a printed schedule to be filled up on that day.—There are three classes or grades of enumerators; of the most numerous class, whose sole duty is to take charge of the householders' schedules, there is one to every five or six hundred inhabitants.—In all of our thickly settled communities, at least, this method might be advantageously adopted, and we trust that it will be in future.

For the Lily.

OUR BELL.

It brings the laborer from his toil
At dinner time,
And chimes the quiet hour of rest
Each night at nine;
O'er hills and plains a summons sends
To men apprise,
When they a freeman's franchise rights
May exercise
It notes old Bunker's battle day,
Events of State,
The nation's birth and victories
Commemorates.

Its clear toned voice in dulcet strains
Melodious floats,
Through welkin wild and woodland groves
Like sweet bird notes:
To call each household from their homes
On Sabbath days,
To mingle hearts harmoniously
In prayer and praise:
To try the soul's great wants supply
The spirit's need
With crumbs that fall from lips that teach
Sectarian creeds.

Upon the stillly midnight air
Its quick strokes fall,
Rousing the weary from their couch
With startling call:
There gleams upon the star-lit sky
A glaring light,
Fanned by the breeze bright fire-wreath
With rapid flight: [spread
Its clang the timely warning gave
Brought brave, prompt aid,
To quench the raging fire-king's thirst,
A household save.

Long has it hung in our Church dome,
Oft has it tolled
As earth took to her silent breast
The young and old;
But never with such saddening sound
Fell on my ear,
As when I followed to the grave
A sister dear.
It sent the warm blood through my veins
With icy chill, [pain
Made heart and nerves with throbbing
And anguish thrill. LINA.
Stoneham, Mass.

The following brief essay was read by one of the "working girls," before a self-improvement society, at Wellington, Ohio.

The Season of Death.

With what interest do we watch for the coming seasons, as they annually roll by in their course, each bringing in turn its delights and its blessings, its hopes and its fears. We anticipate their coming, for their time is set, and *nature's law is unchangeable*. But there is yet another season through which all must pass, and for which there seems to be no set time. Well hath the poet said:

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north winds breath;
And stars to set but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death."

We are reminded of this as from time to time, we hear the deep solemn tones of funeral bells, and witness the mournful procession, clad in the habiliments of woe, which, with slow and measured steps, solemnly approaches the place where the last mournful tribute is paid to the departed; but still more as the pall is removed, the coffin lid thrown back, and we gaze upon the face of the still, cold form beneath. It may be that of one in manhood's prime—a husband and a father—who but yesterday, walked with stately tread the earth, and seemed in giant strength, almost too much for even death to grapple with. But he is gone. Ah well may those who cling to him, even as the vine to the mighty forest tree for protection, weep now, for woe to the fatherless, when the strong arm that shielded them is taken away. But again the meek, placid brow, on which care has traced its lines in characters not to be mistaken is before us, and we know that there lies a mother, who, true

to life's instinct, has laid down her life a sacrifice to the loved ones of her care. The strong man weeps now; and it may be that in bitterness of grief is mingled somewhat of remorse, that he had not more carefully husbanded the energies so much needed by his bereaved little ones. But it is now too late.

Sometimes we see before us the wrinkled brow of the aged, who have battled long with life's stern realities, have gained the victory, and finally come to the close of life like a shock of grain, fully ripe in its season. Strangely contrasting with this, the silent clay of the lovely infant; the tender bud rudely torn from its parent tree.

While in the season of youth, with the full tide of life coursing in our veins, we are apt to indulge in a feeling of security, and smile at death; yet he pauses not. No age is exempt. We look again upon the bier, and behold one who lately moved among us the gayest of the gay. But a few days since, and those pale lips moved in song and jest, and these limbs joined in the gay dance. The hope of a fond mother or the pride of a doating father is before us. Death has hardly marred even the beautiful expression of that face, and as we gaze we mentally exclaim—

"All is not here of our beloved and blest,
Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest."

To us then this becomes a subject of grave reflection and inquiry. Was it designed by the creation of the universe, that so great a number of his created subjects, with intellects and capacities fitted for the enjoyment of life, and the improvement and elevation of humanity should fall before the destroyer, even before they had reached the noontide of life. Certainly not, yet why is it so?

The reasons in my own mind are far too numerous to be engrossed in this brief essay; and I will only add that when this world shall have become both morally and physically regenerated, when our race shall be brought to fully understand the laws of their being, and to act in accordance therewith; then, and not till then, may we anticipate the season of death, as we now anticipate the season of the year. M F.

Wayne County Teacher's Institute.

The Wayne County Teacher's Association has made arrangements for holding a *Teachers Institute* in Richmond, to commence the second Monday in August next, and continue two weeks.

The Institute will be conducted by Prof. W. D. Henkle, free of charge. Teachers of ability will be furnished for every branch of education usually taught in Common Schools. Public addresses will be delivered on each evening during the session. In short, every arrangement will be made to carry out the object of the Institute, which is to prepare Teachers more fully for the high and responsible duties of their calling. Persons who are not Teachers, however, may avail themselves of the advantages of the Institute, and are invited to do so. The attendance of the citizens generally, and school officers in particular, is respectfully requested.

That great benefits result to the cause of education from Teacher's Institutes, is admitted by all who are acquainted with such associations, and we sincerely hope that this opportunity for self-improvement, and mutual encouragement, will be embraced by all the Teachers of this County, and all who expect to engage in teaching—and, that no trifling obstacle, or indifference to the important objects and advantages of the Institute will keep them away.

Teachers need incur but little expense in attending the Institute. We cordially invite the many to meet with us on that occasion.

D. H. ROBERTS,
MISS H. BIRDSEALL,
E. C. THORNTON,
A. C. SHORTRIDGE, } Committee.
JOHN HAINES,
S. K. HOSHOOR,
MISS M. W. BROWN,
GEO. B. WHITE.

Richmond, June 22, 1855.

There are now in the United States thirty-two insane Hospitals, and the number of insane persons in the country is estimated at 20,000.

From the Experiment.
WESTERN WILDS.

BY MRS. SANFORD.

Those cold, untrack'd, drear Western wilds,
Where nothing moves save creeping winds,
Are bright and joyous, when compared
With dark uncultivated minds.

The moss-hung rock, and bedded stone,
When hidden in their sullen streams,
Are gems more rare to look upon
Than mind where soul-light never gleams.

Their forest gloom, and thistled brush,
Their tiger's prowling from their dens,
Their troop'ng wolves, and boding owls,
Their crested snakes from bristling fens,
Their vastness and their solitude
I fear—but, sooner would I seek them blind,
Than live without a soul refined.
NEW LONDON, June, 1855.

From the Cleveland Gazette.
A Day Behind the Counter.

BY CARRIE CRAYON.

When I awoke the sun was shining in gaily at my window. How I started, fearing it might be late. Mother had neglected to call me, knowing I was tired.

I was dressed in a twinkling, and speedily devouring a mouthful of toast, and drinking a cup of coffee, was soon on my way to the store. The air was pure and fresh, and there was in my heart an irresistible desire to leave these brick walls and dusty walks, for the green fields, where the breeze might reach me untainted by the smoke and dust of thousands of chimneys, and the breath of tens of thousands of individuals.

Gay parties passed me in carriages, looking very happy, yet taking pleasure as if they were used to it, and had an unbounded right to enjoy themselves. May they never in learning the worth of pleasures, find it as hard a lesson as I have done.

"Rather late, this morning, Miss Carrie," said Mr. B., as I entered.

He spoke kindly; but somehow my heart was in my mouth. If I am going to "work for a living," I must learn to be spoken to in a business-like manner. It will not answer, this being sensitive.

Customer No. 1. An old man with gold bowed spectacles and silver headed cane. A very low and slow "good morning," produces from the depths of an enormous pocket book the tiniest bit of silk. Wishes to get the exact shade. It has been soiled, and ravelled, and mixed up with musty bills and dirty coppers, until one is in a reasonable uncertainty as to whether it might have been originally brown, gray, sky-blue, orange color, or invisible green? The old gent is informed that he can match it "above."

Customer No. 2. Young lady, Green flounced silk. Gay bonnet, bearing the resemblance of "a rose tree in full bearing." Every color in the rainbow was contrasted (not blended) in the habiliments of the young Miss Parrenne.

"Have you *more antique*?"

(Very French.) In a very low tone meant to be sweet.

The article supposed to be inquired for is duly exhibited, and after comparing and contrasting, and shading, the tan sun shade is seized, and a musical clatter proves that the high heels are appearing.

Customer No. 3. An old lady with a green bag. Enormous cotton gloves and plaid gingham parasol. A snuff box and leather spectacle case complete the picture. Dress goods are in demand.—Silks, berages, shalley, are in turn exhibited. All seem to suit. Every one is pronounced prettier than the last.

"Shall I cut you a dress off this, madam?"

"Wall, I'll tell Hannah 'bout it. We are visiting her, Hannah and me, and if I get time I'll jest run in again. Hannah's my daughter. She spoke about gettin' on her a dress. It must be nice kind of work tendin' in a shop. I wish I could get a good place for my Gemmy. Good by, marm."

Nice kind of work! Dear me! One o'clock. Well, I am glad it is dinner time. Dull times now. We were all standing talking yesterday, when Mr. B. coming up, said:

"For heaven's sake, don't stand all huddled up here in a heap. You will frighten customers away."

Some of us have got to be discharged on Saturday night. If it should be me!

The dinner hour is the shortest hour in the day. Food devoured without mastication, tea swallowed quickly to keep the food from choking you, everything hot and not time to wait for it to cool. Met Anna H—— on my way to dinner. She does not recognize me (?)

"I am so fatigued," said a lady, who had left her carriage some doors below, "shopping is so tiresome." She sank languidly upon a stool, and called for one article after another, but concluded she was too tired to decide upon anything.

I stood serving her as I had stood since morning. I also was "too fatigued," but I could no more sit down and rest than if there had not been a chair in the world.

Who should come into day but Frederick Graham. Dressed elegantly. He started on seeing me; he has just returned from Europe, and had not heard of our misfortunes.

We were always good friends. I was so pleased to see him, and went to meet him, but he turned abruptly round and left the store. I blushed deeply, for the girls were all noticing him, and saw me advance towards him. The tears came into my eyes. Did I merit this? Thank God, there is one amelioration to our poverty. It seems to show the foundation on which our friends have based their regard.

How many professions of friendship he has made to me. And one day, (ah! he would deny it, now,) he asked me a promise to be his "dearest friend forever." I could not grant him that, although he said it pleasantly.

"I shall always think of you as dearer than any other." Oh! deceit!

I have felt like crying all the afternoon. I have always been used to cry when I pleased, but it will never do here. I might as well think of weeping in the street. Oh! no; I must smile upon them all: it never will do to look sober. Put on a counterfeit expression and keep up a continual grinning. You are not expected to have feelings, nor tears. Oh, no, never.

To-night the post man brought a letter directed to "Miss Carrie Crayon. It is a long time since I have received one before, and I was very much astonished. It ran thus:

MISS CRAYON:—I was taken completely by surprise at seeing you acting the part of a saleswoman this afternoon. I beg you to abandon the profession you have chosen, for some more unobtrusive means of livelihood. If you will accept the offer I made to you before leaving for Europe, you shall be the sharer of my purse, home and heart. You were not formed for the situation you occupy. One who, like yourself, can grace a drawing-room, is decidedly out of her element behind a counter. Please inform me of your decision, and if you accede to my proposition, I will call on you immediately; otherwise we are friends no longer, as I admit in the list of my acquaintance NO SHOP GIRLS.

Yours, very respectfully,

FREDERICK GRAHAM.

"Shop girl, indeed!" said I, to myself, as I tore the infamous letter in a thousand pieces, throwing them upon the floor. My answer ran thus:

MR. GRAHAM:—An occupation is reputable or not according to the character of the individual engaged in it. I have chosen my present employment, partly from motives of pecuniary interest, and partly from taste. I thank you for your kindness, but prefer depending upon my own efforts to marrying for the sake of access to a man's purse. It shall

be as you desire, "we are friends no longer," as I wish none among my acquaintance who would disdain to recognize

One who earns an honest living.

CARRIE CRAYON.

"Shut up shop!" Good news! I can be free until morning at least. Thank God for the night.

In consequence of the removal of the Newspaper Stamp Duty in England, new journals and weekly papers are springing up in every direction in that country. In Manchester, where a year ago there were no daily papers, and only three of any kind, there are now going to be five daily papers, in addition to several weekly and semi-weekly ones.

MARRIED—At Liberty Hill, Conn., June 17, by Rev. James Burlingame, Mr. HENRY D. MORGAN, of Long Branch, N. Y., to Miss MARY H. FULLER, of the former place.

MARRIED—On the 4th inst., in this city, by Friends' ceremony, JEMIEL WASSON to SIDNEY MASON, both of Laporte, Indiana.

Woman's Right of Suffrage.

A Convention will be held at Saratoga Springs on the 15th and 16th of August next, to discuss Woman's Right of Suffrage.

In the progress of human events, Woman now demands the recognition of her civil existence, her legal rights, her social equality with man.

How her claims can be the most easily and speedily established on a firm, enduring basis, will be the subject of deliberation at the coming Convention.

The friends of the movement, and the public generally are respectfully invited to attend. Most of the eminent advocates of the cause are expected to be in attendance.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON,
ERNESTINE L. ROSE,
WILLIAM HAY,
SAMUEL J. MAY,
ANTOINETTE L. BROWN,
LYDIA MOTT,
SUSAN B. ANTHONY,

New York State Woman's Rights Committee.

DEXTER C. BLOOMER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
AND LAND AGENT.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

Particular attention given to the purchase and sale of Lands, the investigation of Land Titles, location of Land Warrants, Payment of Taxes, and collection of Debts, in Western Iowa and Nebraska Territory.
June 15, 1855.

EPHRAIM H. SANFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate, Life and Fire Insurance Agent. Collects Claims in the West,
Office at the Post Office,
NEW LONDON, O.

New Lebanon Springs Water Cure.
NEW YORK.

WM. S. BUSH, M. D., Physician.

THIS Institution, situated in an exceedingly healthy region, is surrounded with the most romantic and beautiful mountain scenery, and is unrivaled in its natural advantages. It is supplied with an abundance of the purest and softest water, and possesses every requisite for the successful prosecution of the

WATER TREATMENT.

Its conductors having had ample experience in the management of such institutions are determined to place New Lebanon in the first rank of Water Cures.

Their efforts will be directed to the curing of the sick, not to the maintenance of a fashionable boarding house.

Special attention will be paid to the treatment of diseases peculiar to women—a competent female physician having charge of this department.

Terms \$5 to \$12 per week.

Patients coming from the South and West, will take the Western Railroad at Albany to Canaan, and thence by stage, seven miles, to New Lebanon Springs.

Our Post Office address is New Lebanon Springs, Columbia county, New York.

WM. S. BUSH & CO.

May 1st, 1855.